

A COLUMN OF LOCAL NEWS ITEMS

IMPROVEMENTS IN THE GARBARINI SHOP.

A Pleasant Trip Through Southern California—Easter Services—Injured His Thumb.

C. B. Calvin visited friends here Saturday.

For the Kingsbury hat go to the Jackson Shoe Store.

Don't fail to see the Easter novelties at Mayer's Candy Factory.

Mrs. Will A. Newcum visited friends in Sutter a day or two this week.

Joseph Kidd is spending a few days with Merchant Pattle at Paloma.

F. H. Duden of San Francisco, was a visitor here a day or two this week.

St. Augustine's Mission, Court street, Service Sunday evening next, 7:30 p. m.

The best bowling 25 yards for \$1.00 at the Red Front Annual Clearance Sale.

Dr. C. A. Herrick, who has been quite ill for over a week, is improving slowly.

Garbarini Bros. have just finished new front running gears for Steiner's Plymouth stage.

Children's dresses, all sizes, 25 cents at the Red Front Annual Clearance Sale.

Grand President R. C. Rust is visiting various Parlers N. S. G. W., in the southern part of the State.

Mrs. M. Newman and children, Agnes and Lawrence, visited at Mountain Ranch a day or two this week.

The best calico 25 yards for \$1.00 at the Red Front Annual Clearance Sale.

Dick Calvin of Pine Grove, had a severe attack of la grippe last week. He was threatened with pneumonia.

Mrs. C. B. Calvin of Pine Grove, visited Mrs. G. D. Calvin and Mrs. Wallace Kay last Saturday and Sunday.

Children's shoes 20 cents a pair at the Red Front Annual Clearance Sale.

A new six-horse engine has been installed in Garbarini Bros. shop. They will use both steam and water power in future.

Mr. W. F. Detert has been in San Francisco for the past few days on business connected with his large mining interests.

M. Christensen, a successful mining man of Volcano, who has been spending the winter in San Francisco, returned Wednesday.

The best muslin, bleached or unbleached, 20 yards for \$1.00 at the Red Front Annual Clearance Sale.

There are now thirty-eight forest reservations in this country, embracing an area of 46,772,129 acres, in thirteen states and territories.

Ladies' sleeveless vests 3 cents each at the Red Front Annual Clearance Sale.

Work on the grade leading from the creek to Peck's addition is in progress. A good grade will enhance the value of every lot in the tract.

Miss Dora McConnell and her little niece, Lois Hammond of Stockton, who have been visiting here for a week or so, returned home Tuesday.

County Treasurer S. G. Spagnoli is preparing to build a house on his lot on Court street, opposite the home of District Attorney C. P. Vicini.

A Kuhlman, carpenter and contractor, had the misfortune to saw the end of his left thumb nearly off on Monday. He did it with a hand saw.

Men's all wool pants, regular \$2.50 article, on sale at \$1.50 at the Red Front Annual Clearance Sale.

A large number of Amador county people, other than teachers, expect to attend the teachers' institute to be held in Berkeley April 2d to 4th.

Children's white aprons with embroidery and insertion 35 cents each, all sizes, at the Red Front Annual Clearance Sale.

Raggio's Stage Lines give the same reduction to those who attend the Teachers' Institute at Berkeley that the Southern Pacific Company gives.

Supt. Geo. A. Gordon visited several schools last week, among them Drytown, Quartz Mountain and Camp Opra, all of which are in a prosperous condition.

Do you want the best fit and the best quality for the least money? See C. H. McKenney, the Amador county tailor.

James E. Dye Jr., late Engrossing Clerk of the Assembly, returned home Tuesday evening. His experience at Sacramento will long remain a source of pleasure to him.

A cabin that for years had been a shelter to the "wandering Willies," on the road between Jackson and Middle Bar, was in some unknown manner, burned to the ground some time Sunday night.

Children's sailor hats at 20 cents at the Red Front Annual Clearance Sale.

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Ladies' hose 6 pair for 25 cents at the Red Front Annual Clearance Sale.

Don't forget that we carry the Hanan & Sons shoes, the best shoe on earth for the money. Jackson Shoe Store.

If you want to grow fat, take the remedy that Bob Kerr of the City Pharmacy uses. He has the secret.

Max Ladar, the tailor, speaks to the citizens of Amador county in this issue of the LEDGER. Read what he says and profit thereby.

Miss M. A. Gass' millinery parlors will be opened Monday, April 1st. She has purchased a large stock of the latest in ladies' head wear.

C. H. McKenney, the lone tailor, visited his many customers in Sutter and Jackson on Wednesday and Thursday of this week.

Ladies' shirt waists 25 cents at the Red Front Annual Clearance Sale.

Mrs. Daniel Stewart and step-daughter, Mrs. Wm. Bennetts, both of Ione, started for Illinois a day or two ago for an extended visit with relatives.

Don't start on your journey without putting a bottle of Jesse Moore "AA" in your grip.

Mr. W. A. Newcum received his commission as Receiver of the U. S. Land Office, Sacramento, Thursday evening. He will probably assume his official duties next Monday or Tuesday.

The best spool cotton 6 spools for 10 cents at the Red Front Annual Clearance Sale.

J. R. Hewett, a former business man of Jackson, died in Vallejo, Cal., Mar. 26, 1901. Deceased and his brother, Joseph, were engaged in the hardware business here seven or eight years ago.

All shoes sold on any are guaranteed and will be kept in repair free of charge. This is a great saving for you. Get your shoes where you can get a choice of hundreds of kinds, at the Jackson Shoe Store.

Ladies, you are all invited to attend the Grand Opening of spring and summer millinery at Mrs. Delahide's, in Kolley Bros. store, Saturday, March 30th.

Just arrived, the new shoes from Nelson & Co. They are up-to-date and every pair guaranteed. For Gents in Vicinity or Valom call, vesting or kid tops, we are selling this new line for \$3.50 per pair. Jackson Shoe Store.

Do you love any one better than yourself? Evening subject at M. E. church, Sunday, March 31. Morning subject, Business dishonor is a spiritual disaster in the Church of God. The fearless Minister will bring the Gospel face-to-face with every style of dishonesty.

St. Augustine's Mission Easter service, Court street, Jackson, April 7, at 11 a. m. Representatives from the Missions in charge of the Rev. Wm. Tison will meet at Jackson. The full vested choir from St. Paul's church, Mokelumne Hill, will be present and other church people from Sutter Creek and Ione. Holy Communion will be celebrated. Wm Tison, Rector.

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TEACHERS' INSTITUTE AT BERKELEY

THE PROGRAM OF THE INSTITUTE IN FULL.

Address of Welcome by Benjamin Ide Wheeler LL. D.—A Series of Lectures.

To-day (Friday) the schools of the county will close until Monday, April 8th.

On Tuesday, April 2, the Teachers' Institute of Amador county will convene in Stiles Hall, Berkeley, and continue for three days. This is a new departure which has been brought about by the efforts of County Superintendent Geo. A. Gordon, and is attracting the marked attention of educational circles throughout the State.

The success of the undertaking is now assured beyond peradventure, the Professors of the different departments of the State University having entered into the movement most heartily, as the following program unquestionably proves:

PROGRAM.

All of the sessions, except those devoted to the visiting of schools, will be held in Stiles Hall, Berkeley.

A cordial invitation is extended to all school officers and friends of education to attend the Institute.

OFFICERS.

President, Geo. A. Gordon; Vice-Presidents, Elmer E. Brown, Geo. F. Mack; Secretary, Miss Edna A. Rust; Assistant Secretary, Miss Alice E. Gartlin.

INSTRUCTORS.

Professor Fletcher B. Dresslar, University of California; Professor William Dillam Armes, University of California; Dr. W. J. V. Osterhout, University of California; Mr. Thomas L. Heaton, University of California; Dr. Harold W. Fairbanks, Berkeley; Professor Elmer Ellsworth Brown, University of California.

MUSIC.

Miss Ida B. Herman, Organist and Alto; Miss Mamie D. Wheeler, Alto; Miss Esther Brees, Alto; J. S. Clark, Tenor; Fred A. Ball, Tenor; Miss Daisy D. Fox, Soprano; Miss Lottie Brees, Soprano; Miss Thirza Paul, Soprano; Miss Nellie Payne, Soprano; Miss E. Mabel Wheeler, Soprano; Wm. S. Williams, Bass; W. H. Coleman, Bass.

COMMITTEES.

Introduction.

Wm. M. Fuller, Miss Daisy E. Larson, Miss Florence M. Lowry, Geo. F. Mack, Miss Theresa K. Molino, Miss Addie E. Phillips, Miss Maud E. Read, Miss Cora E. Culbert, Mrs. John Toubey, Miss Hattie E. Hinkins, Miss W. Francis Mooney, Miss Margaret E. Devan, Miss Nora Connors, Miss Agnes M. Raab, F. M. Petty, J. P. Little, Miss Bertha C. Mason, Miss Annie Vogeli, Miss Margaret Payne, Miss Ida M. Newell, Miss N. E. B. Morrow.

Resolutions.

Chas. A. Wilson, James H. Condit, Miss Elizabeth Jones, Miss Clorinda Cassinelli, Miss Yannie L. McLaughlin.

TUESDAY.

9:00 A. M.—Music by the Institute. Roll Call.

Address of Welcome—Benjamin Ide Wheeler, LL. D.

Response—Hon. A. Caminetti.

Response—Mr. George A. Gordon.

10:15 A. M.—Address, Hon. Thomas J. Kirk.

11:15 A. M.—Lecture, "Thou that teachest another," Professor Brown.

2:00 P. M.—Music by the Institute. Roll Call.

Lecture "The teaching of arithmetic," Professor Dresslar.

3:00 P. M.—Lecture, "The teaching of language and reading," Mr. Heaton.

8:00 P. M.—Reception tendered by the public school teachers of Berkeley. "Let joy be unconfined."

WEDNESDAY.

Forenoon and afternoon—The members of the Institute will visit the public schools of Oakland.

8:00 P. M.—Music by the Committee. Lecture, illustrated with the stereopticon, "Home Geography," Dr. Fairbanks.

"It is to him who masters our minds by the forces of thought, not to those who enslave men by violence; it is to him who understands the universe, not to those who disfigure it,—that we owe our reverence."

THURSDAY.

9:00 A. M.—Music by the Institute. Roll Call.

Lecture, "The teaching of arithmetic," Professor Dresslar.

10:00 A. M.—Lecture, "The teaching of language and reading," Mr. Heaton.

11:00 A. M.—Lecture, "Studies in nature," Dr. Osterhout.

2:00 P. M.—Music by the Institute. Roll Call.

Lecture, "The teaching of arithmetic," Professor Dresslar.

3:00 P. M.—Lecture, "The teaching of language and reading," Mr. Heaton.

8:00 P. M.—Music by the Committee. Lecture, "The poets of New England," Professor Armes.

Real Estate Sold.

On Monday several pieces of property belonging to the J. P. Thomas estate were sold at auction. Prices ranged rather low. J. L. Sargent bought a house and lot near the Perovich property for \$530. A bid of \$325 on another house and lot was refused. Tony Ratto bought a vacant lot in the Mason-Webb tract for \$110.

Seeks Health in Arizona.

Mr. Henry Eudey, President of the Bank of Amador County and Secretary of the Argonaut Mining Company, one of our most prosperous, most highly respected and wealthy citizens, started for Phoenix, Arizona, last Tuesday morning, where he will remain for some time for the benefit of his health.

Eudey was accompanied by Mr. Frank Reese, a brother of Mrs. Eudey. The earnest desire of the entire community for his speedy restoration to health is expressed on every hand.

Give us daily some good bread. Pioneer Flour makes the best, 4-4-4

IN MEMORIAM.

Mrs. Robert Jameson, whose death occurred in San Francisco March 4th, was born in Iowa Feb. 7, 1852, but had lived in this State from infancy. Since her marriage in 1873, her home had been near Shenandoah, just across the border of El Dorado county. She united with the Christian church about ten years ago and remained a faithful member to her death. Her life has been full of incident to record. She was a loving wife, a true and tender mother, a faithful friend—all simple womanly virtues. But in the hearts of those who knew her best and loved her most, her memory is enshrined as something sweet and sacred and this memory will live on when Time has brought healing for their bitter sorrow.

Through the long suffering, entailed by the disease that sapped her life away, she was brave and sweet and patient and trustful and unshrinking at the last, passed through the portals of death to the life that is eternal.

The funeral was held in Plymouth, March 6, at the M. E. church, Rev. S. H. Phillips officiated, assisted by Rev. C. H. Darling. The casket was nearly hidden under a wealth of blossoms and her last resting place had been made beautiful in white and green.

All that loving hearts and willing hands could do had been done to soften the blow to the sorrowing family.

On Thursday, March 7, all that remained of Mrs. Sophia L. Horton was laid to rest in the Shenandoah cemetery. Mrs. Horton, whose maiden name was Sophia Treat, was born in Glastonbury, Conn., Dec. 6, 1817. During her young girlhood she removed to Pike county, Illinois, where she was married July 14, 1839, to Horace H. Horton. They moved to Iowa in 1851, and came to this State in 1871, settling in Shenandoah, which was their home until Mr. Horton's death in March, 1894. Mrs. Horton returned to Iowa in the fall of 1895, but about two years ago came back to California and had since lived in Santa Cruz.

But the burden of years had grown heavy and for several months she had been an invalid. Mrs. Horton had a heart and sympathies large enough to take in the whole world, and during her residence here was "Auntie Horton" to every child in the Valley.

Many a man and woman of the present day remembers numberless little kindnesses received from her hands and in memory of the love she lavished on her child-friends, one, her namesake, would lay this slight tribute on her grave.

Of her ten children five are living. These are Rev. Frank H. Horton, Mrs. Clara Paulk and Mrs. Mollie Davis, of Santa Cruz, Mrs. Lucy E. King of Shenandoah, and Horace C. Horton of Florida.

MARY SOPHIA DAVIS, Shenandoah, March 19.

Horse Imprisoned in Driftwire.

Last Sunday as James Meek was strolling along the bank of Jackson creek, a mile or so from town, he came across a starving horse that some days before had become entangled in a large roll of barbed wire which had drifted to the bank of the stream and was partially covered by dirt and sand. The horse had evidently approached the stream to quench thirst and stepped into the snare. The wire caught under the shoes of its fore feet and held it there in spite of a fearful struggle, as the surroundings indicated, to free itself. Mr. Meek, after considerable difficulty and risk to himself from the frantic movements of the half-starved and frenzied animal, succeeded in freeing the unfortunate beast from the death-trap. The horse is a dark bay with one white hind foot. The horse, after satisfying its biting hunger by voraciously devouring weeds and grass for a few moments, exhibited its thankfulness to its liberator by extraordinary conduct. It kept close to the heels of Mr

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

E. GINOCCHIO & BROTHER

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
GENERAL MERCHANDISE
Water Street, foot of Broadway, - - - Jackson.

We take pleasure in informing our patrons and the public generally that we have on hand a very choice and selected stock of **Dry Goods** of all kinds, **Groceries** and **Provisions**, **Clothing**, **Boots and Shoes**. We particularly direct the attention of the public to the fact that we keep on hand the largest assortment of **Iron and Steel** to be found in Amador county. Also a superior assortment of all kinds of **Hardware**, such as Carriage Bolts, Screws, Nuts, and all the things that the market demands. We are sole agents for the celebrated **Hurcules Powder**, of which we shall constantly keep on hand a large supply.

NEW NATIONAL HOTEL...

Foot of Main Street, Jackson, Cal.

First-class Accommodation for Travelers at Reasonable Prices.

SAMPLE ROOM FOR COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS.

Rooms newly furnished throughout. Table supplied with the best in the market. Bar supplied with the Finest brands of Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

F. A. Voorheis, - - Proprietor.

E. G. FREEMAN & CO.

Gent's Working and Driving Gloves
Soaps, Perfumes and Toilet Articles
Paints, Oil, Varnishes and Brushes

...General Varieties...

FIRST-CLASS WORK DONE IN OUR

Harness and Saddlery Annex

Telephone 441 Main. Jackson, Cal.

PIONEER FLOUR IS PERFECTION...

Made from SELECTED WHEAT
Blended according to our own Formula
Producing perfect results and
Bread divinely fair and feathery light
Sweet to the palate's touch and
Snowy White.

PIONEER FLOUR MILLS, Sacramento.

Men Who Handle Millions.

The government is more trustful of the employees in its financial center than is any private corporation. In the United States treasury the whole output of the nation's currency is handled by men who are under neither surveillance nor bond. The paying teller handles \$40,000,000 or \$50,000,000 a year. The exchange clerk has every day \$80,000 in change at hand. The money in charge of the keeper of the cash-room runs from \$170,000,000 upward, and the chief of the issue division handles millions every day. Any of these men could get away with enormous amounts of money and be reasonably secure against detection for a considerable length of time. Nevertheless, peculations from the treasury have been few and small in amount during its history. There is an axiom in the department which runs as follows:

"Wherever money is handled there is a point at which the honesty of the individual must be the main reliance."

A Precocious Baby.

The baby was only 4, but she was an only child and had lived with her parents largely in hotels, and she was a self possessed little maiden. She was always a model of propriety as to manners, so that when one day a young man, a friend of her papa's and mamma's and a great admirer of the little girl, asked to take her out to luncheon all by herself she was allowed to go. A very tiny girl may go without a chaperon sometimes. The little girl was in the dining room, and she was so responsible with confidence and taking up the menu, studied it with as much gravity as if the letters were not as unreadable to her as Greek would have been to her mamma.

"I will have some meat and some potatoes," she said gravely, "and by and by I may have some ice cream."

The order was given, the cream followed, and the little lady was an altogether charming dainty and sweet little companion for luncheon. The meal ended with the dignity with which it had begun, the young woman donned her wraps, and as the young man was preparing to escort her to the door she remarked gravely:

"And now I will have some flowers."

It was the last touch of grown upness, and it was the proudest young man in New York who took home the pretty and dignified baby with a big bunch of roses in her arms.—New York Times.

The German composers of this country have one of the most remarkable organizations in existence. It is known as the German-American Typographic, and although its membership is only 1,044, it controls every German daily newspaper in the United States except the Chicago Freie Presse. During the past year the members paid \$25,923.40 in dues, or a per capita of \$25.92. The dues are 45 cents a week and 15 cents extra for each death benefit.

THE EXPERT'S THEORY.

It Was Too Inclusive and Weakened Him as a Witness.

One of the older members of the Baltimore bar tells this anecdote of the late Severn Teackle Wallis as illustrating the cleverness and sarcasm of Mr. Wallis.

Mr. Wallis was defending the will of a wealthy testator, and as the lawyers say, when the estate is large a lawyer "will wrestle with a will with a will." A prominent physician was called to testify for those contesting the will. The doctor became restless under the lengthy and exhaustive cross examination of Mr. Wallis, and finally he petulantly exclaimed:

"Can Mr. Wallis, I believe the testator was insane?"

Mr. Wallis kept his temper and said quietly: "Doctor, you are the first person who has ever intimated in or out of court that the testator was insane. Why do you say he was insane?"

"I believe," the doctor replied, "that every man is more or less insane on some one subject."

Then Mr. Wallis said in that fine tone of sarcasm for which he was noted, "Doctor, has it ever occurred to you that you are insane on the subject of insanity?"

Immediately the doctor fired up and exclaimed, "But Mr. Wallis, I am not insane!"

Mr. Wallis arose and said: "Doctor, according to your own sworn theory, you may be insane on some subject. I pronounce you insane on the subject of insanity."

Court, jury and spectators laughed aloud, and nothing more was said about the testator being insane.—Baltimore Sun.

The Lieutenant's Brother.

It may not be generally known that it is considered a serious offense for a German soldier, no matter what may be his rank, to appear in public except in uniform, even though he be on furlough. The army regulations strictly enforce that he must always wear his uniform.

A certain Lieutenant Schmidt, who was engaged in some lively adventure or other, dressed up as a civilian and was having altogether an enjoyable time until, on turning a corner, he unexpectedly met his colonel.

The lieutenant did not, however, lose his presence of mind. He pretended that he had never seen his colonel before and in a changed voice asked:

"Can you tell me, sir, where Lieutenant Schmidt lives? I am his brother from the country and am paying him a little visit, but I happen just now to have lost my key."

The colonel quietly gave the desired information, and Lieutenant Schmidt, congratulating himself on his lucky escape, hurried home and put on his uniform with all possible speed.

He thought, of course, that he had taken in his superior officer, but such an idea was rudely dispelled when on the next day he met his colonel, and the latter said:

"Lieutenant Schmidt, if your brother from the country pays you another visit I'll have him placed in close confinement for 30 days."

Guarding Her Teeth.
It is easy to misunderstand and easy to be misunderstood, and sometimes, happily, it is easy to give and to accept an explanation.

"I did think I would never come to see you again," said a cousin of the prominent society woman who had come to the country to visit her and who about to leave her home was a kind of you to ask me of course, but I remember that when I was at your house in the city, two years ago, you did not seem glad to see me. You were kind and hospitable, of course, but I remember you did not smile once during the entire two weeks of my stay."

To her astonishment, her city cousin burst into a fit of laughter.

"Maria," she said, "before you came I had the misfortune to break the porcelain 'crown' from one of my new front teeth, and as my dentist was out of town on his vacation I had to wait for his return. I didn't dare to smile when any one was looking at me, for fear of showing the ghastly metallic 'back' to which the porcelain had been attached. It was a strain, Maria, but I was equal to it, and I did not want to have to explain."

And her smile, now without a mechanical fad, re-enforced the renewed invitation.—Youth's Companion.

The Athenian of Today.

The Athenians dine late the year round and, whenever the weather will permit, in the open air. As the heated season advances the dinner hour is set later and later until in August 9:30 or 10 becomes the common thing. Fancy going to the theater after that! Yet the open air performances are liberally patronized, and they do not begin, of course, until after dinner. The legend "Curtain rises promptly at 9" is a snare and a delusion, as many a foreigner has found, to his extreme annoyance.

The out of door dining and the sky roofed theaters are so typically Greek that they serve as a link between modern and classical times. The old Greek, as everybody knows, was an outdoor man, his house serving as little more than a sleeping place and storeroom. The Athenian of today dines in a garden, on his terrace or in a park. If he is too poor to possess any of these accessories, he sets his table upon the sidewalk. Many of the cheap restaurants appropriate the walks for dining rooms. One is often compelled when taking an evening stroll to dodge in and out among dozens of tables covered with reasonably clean linen and lighted by means of candles, whose flames are protected from the wind by means of glass globes.—Scribner's.

Mixed His Guess.

An American who was sojourning in Spain at the time says that on the day when Dewey was destroying the Spanish squadron at Manila a representative audience, including some of Spain's bravest and best, were attending a patriotic bullfight in Madrid, applauding these words of the famous admiral: "With the ease with which I have killed this noble animal, the bull, will the glorious Spanish nation uphold the traditions of the past and keep green the laurels of their illustrious fathers by triumphing over the Yankee pig."

His Part.

"Ever in amateur theatricals?"
"Just once."
"What part did you take?"
"Me? I took all the abuse. I was stage manager, you see."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegram.

HE SLEPT IN SECURITY.

The Tonic a Small Boy Used For His Weak Feeling.

There is a 5-year-old boy in Massachusetts avenue who is of the blood of patriots. His grandfather was in both the Mexican and civil wars, and his father was also a soldier, consequently the little fellow has heard much "dag" talk in his short life and has exalted ideas of its protective qualities. He was the baby of the family till, very recently and occupied a crib bed in his mother's room. When the new baby came, Harold was put to sleep in a room adjoining his mother's, and as he had never slept alone before his small soul was filled with nameless fears which he was too proud to tell in full.

"It's mighty lonesome in here, mamma," he called the first night after he had been tucked in his little white bed.

"Just remember the angels are near you and caring for you," replied mamma from the outer room.

"But, mamma," he objected, "I ain't acquainted with any angels, and I'd be scared of them if they came rustling round, same as I would of any other stranger."

"Now, Harold, you must go to sleep quietly. Nothing will hurt you."

"Can't I have the gas lighted, in here?"

"No; mamma doesn't think it necessary, and it isn't healthy."

There was silence for some time, and then the small voice piped up again.

"Oh, mamma!"

"Yes, dear."

"May I have grandpa's flag?"

"Why, what for? I want you to go right to sleep."

"Please, mamma," and a small night-gown figure appeared at the door.

"Just let me stick the flag up at the head of my bed, and then I'll go right to sleep, indeed I will! You know the other night grandpa said at the meeting that 'under the protecting folds of the flag the weakest would be safe, and I feel mighty weak, mamma.'"

He got the flag, and when his mother looked in on him an hour later he was fast asleep, with a fat little fist upon his red cheek, holding fast the end of the "protecting" flag.—Washington Star.

"JES' COMMON OLE MISERY."

Why Rufus Suddenly Decided That He Didn't Have Paralysis.

The boy's name is Rufus, and he was busily engaged in polishing the doctor's shoes while he was being shaved. As was his custom, the doctor said, "How are you feeling, Rufus?"

"I ain't much. Kindly poohly, thank you, doctah," answered the boy.

"What's the matter?"

"Paralysis."

"What?"

"Paralysis."

Had the doctor not been so well acquainted with the negro race, he might have allowed himself to show astonishment. As it was, he determined to see what would result from further inquiries.

"Where's your paralysis?" he asked kindly.

Rufus was drawing a rag swiftly across the left shoe.

"In the right hip, doctah," he answered.

"It's probably rheumatism," suggested the physician.

"No, indeed. It's paralysis. I reckon I knows rheumatism and I knows paralysis. This is suddenly paralysis."

The doctor drew a good sized pin from the lapel of his coat.

"Well, Rufus," he said seriously, "there is only one way to tell. Convince me. I'm going to jab this pin in your hip. If it hurts, then you have rheumatism. If you don't feel it, then you are right, and you have paralysis."

The boy did not rise, but drew the rag thoughtfully across the shoe. Finally he said:

"Doctah, I reckon you mus' know more about them things than I do. I know it ain't nothin' but jes' common ole misery."—Kansas City Star.

What Forty Poles Make.

A good story is told about a certain professor whose business it was to lecture to a number of students on surveying. During one of the lectures, the professor said that in his opinion the pole was of little or no value.

The students of those present a Polish gentleman arose and, after accusing the professor of insulting his countrymen, demanded an apology.

The professor thereupon explained that the pole to which he referred was merely a term of measurement.

The Polish gentleman, seeing his mistake, asked the professor to forgive his apparent rudeness. To this the professor smartly replied:

"You could not be rude, sir, even if you tried, for it takes 40 poles to make one rood!"

Quite Fit.

"Mr. Upner," said the prosecuting attorney, "this is an action in which the plaintiff seeks to recover damages for alleged injuries received at the hands of White Caps. Have you heard anything about the case?"

"No, sir," replied the townsman.

"We'll take him, your honor."

"Mr. Upner," asked the attorney for the defense, "do you know what a 'whitecap' is?"

"Yes, sir. It's a wave that's got foam on top of it."

"We'll take him, your honor,"—Chicago Tribune.

Hard Luck.

Dashaway—Miss Pinkerly told me the other day that her doctor had put her on a ginger diet, and I thought it would be just the time to ask her out to luncheon.

Clevertone—And did she accept?

"Did she? Well, I should say so. She informed me that there was one day in the week that he allowed her to eat anything she pleased."—Detroit Free Press.

The One Exception.

Towne—He's quite a linguist, I believe.

Browne—Yes, he can converse in 14 different tongues.

Towne—So I understand; but there's one tongue he has never succeeded in mastering.

Browne—What's that? Chinese?

Towne—No, his wife's.—Philadelphia Press.

Might Be Out of Debt.

"My case is peculiar," remarked the letter B.

"How so?" chorused the other letters of the alphabet.

"Well, when it comes to making 'boo'dle,' I always lead, and you will notice, there is absolutely no reason why I should be in 'debt.'"—Exchange.

It Came In Handy.

Poet—I left a poem here the other day. Do you think you can use it?

Editor—I have already. It came in so handy.

Poet (gasping joyfully)—Ah!

Editor—While I was writing my last editorial I ran out of copy paper; your poem, being written on one side of the paper only, just helped me out.

His Part.

"Ever in amateur theatricals?"

"Just once."

"What part did you take?"

"Me? I took all the abuse. I was stage manager, you see."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegram.

BRITISH BANKRUPTS.

PRIVILEGES WHICH ARE ACCORDED BY LAW TO PEERS.

Some English Legal Decisions as to What Constitute the Necessaries of Life—They Widely Differ From Duke to Ordinary Mortal.

Recent bankruptcy cases in London have brought up various legal decisions which have been reached in England on the subject of what are necessities of life for men of various stations and degrees who are not in command of their own incomes.

A duke, for instance, or even a marquis or an earl is entitled by law to one bottle of champagne a day if his trustees hold the money to pay for it. In the case of the former Duke of Manchester the law decided that seven bottles of champagne a week are necessary to a duke. Those affairs may be in the hands of trustees and that if he had not the control of his own income he must be allowed to have a carriage with one horse, a riding horse as well, one manservant and a house with a rent of not less than £250 a year; otherwise he must be allowed to have the use of £2,000 a year, while the rest might be allowed to accumulate for the good of the estate till the trustee permits a visit.

A viscount or a baron is allowed by law to describe as necessities things which smaller fry might struggle along without. But a viscount's income—provided there is anybody to pay it—is fixed at £1,500 a year and a baron's at £1,000. He is, supposing any guardians have a few thousands a year to pay out of him according to discretion, entitled to claim as a necessity for his yearly wife allowance only runs to £60, which would not keep him in champagne unless he drank it very seldom. The duke's wine bill may run to £150.

The viscount must have a carriage, but it may be attached for debt, and he cannot force his guardians to give him a horse. Of course, if he has no guardians, nor any income, either he must do as other people and go without, but these things are considered necessary to peers. A manservant is allowed to a viscount or baron, but the house rent need not exceed £200, nor can it be less than £150.

A doctor is better off than a viscount in one way—his carriage cannot be seized in most cases, nor can the expenses of it be reckoned in his income tax returns.

In selling up a doctor for debt he may retain one horse, and two of his carpets are considered as necessities to his business—in the hall and consulting room—and reckoned at £20 apiece. He may have surgical instruments and medical appliances to the value of £1,000, and these cannot be seized.

An ordinary man can retain nothing but his clothes, his hairbrush and a few such necessities of that kind. No wine is allowed to a doctor, but if a student in the hands of trustees, he can demand a couple of servants and a house rent of £60 per year.

The son of a well to do merchant or tradesman making about £1,000 a year can demand neither wife nor horses nor servants, but the law may allow him a rent of £50 and another £150 or £200 to keep him in expenses.

He is in the hands of guardians, whether under or over age. As to debt, he can be sold up, but his personal necessities and his clothes, though he is not generally allowed to keep more than six suits of the latter.

If he has more a judge might allow them to be taken with the other chattels, and he can be left without a chair to sit on or a spoon to eat with. Jewelry is not allowed, but the lawyer may also demand exemption even in such cases for his wigs, or at least two of them, and two gowns. As a student in the hands of guardians he can make them pay him £80 a year for chambers, and they must pay his examination and other fees.

A clergyman or minister of any kind is worst off of all and can keep very little for himself, but he may have his guardians come down with the fees his profession needs, however, and if he lives in the country as a curate and has some trustees and also a guardian he can make them supply him with a gardener.

Why She Wept.

Among the Mainotes, descendants of the Spartans, thieving is considered a very honorable profession. An English traveler, being entertained at the house of one of the mountaineers, took some silver articles from a packing case he had with him to eat his dinner with. At the sight of such costliness an old woman began to cry, the Englishman having asked what affected her so much:

"Alas, my good sir," she replied, "I weep because my son is not here to rob you of those beautiful things!"

No Gentleman.

"Mame," said the girl in the red shirt waist and plaid skirt, "ain't he just a prince?"

"Oh, rats!" replied her lady friend, with dignity. "Any one kin see that he wears a cellyoid collar, and them trousers is \$3 ones."—Philadelphia Record.

What we call "time" is but a single sun ray thrown across the infinite void of eternity, and "life" is but a floating flicker or mote that vanishes even as it becomes visible thereon.

Russell and the Solicitor.

It is said that once when the late Lord Russell, then Sir Charles, was on circuit, he became so indignant with every one in general and his solicitor client in particular that he seized his large and heavy brief and smote the solicitor on the head with it. The solicitor indignantly collected his papers and hurried out of court, murmuring that he would never brief Sir Charles again.

Some time afterward a shipping magnate came to the same solicitor with a big case. "Brief Russell," he said. The solicitor said he was sorry, but it was impossible, as Russell had never been allowed to give any more papers, said the shipowner, "and I'll go to some one who will."

Eventually the unhappy man of law, not wishing to lose his best client, had to apologize to Sir Charles Russell for leaving the court when assaulted.

Some Coloring.

Scribbell—What makes young Penner so blue?

Wright—He's green at the business, but he's discovered that his manuscripts are never read by the editor.—Philadelphia Record.

The Only Thing.

A man once wrote to a western lawyer for information in regard to a person who had owed him a considerable sum of money for a long time.

"What property has he which I could attach?" he asked.

The lawyer's reply was brief and to the point:

"The man died six months ago. He has left nothing subject to attachment save a widow."—Youth's Companion.

THE PRESIDENT AT PLAY

You should have seen the president at play a few weeks ago. It was a very pretty sight. Little Leonaora P., a child of 5 or 6, came one day to the White House to see Mrs. McKinley.

Leonaora arrived all starched and frilled and with her best and primmest manners to the fore. Her old black mammy nurse was with her, and it was evident that Leonaora had been instructed to be very polite and not to sit down in the presence of the mistress of the White House unless pressed to do so and, above all, to answer all questions promptly. Both the president and Mrs. McKinley received the child. They did all they could to make her feel at home, but Leonaora was evidently a good deal awed. At last Mrs. McKinley, observing the years of the old black mammy, pressed her to sit down and the child, too, but Leonaora said adamantly to her nurse in an undertone and holding herself bolt upright:

"No, mammy. Servants must not sit."

"Why, Leonaora," said Mrs. McKinley, much amused, "mammy's an old woman. And you sit down yourself."

"Oh, yes'm," returned the child gravely. "But, then, I'm people."

This reply nearly bowled the president over, and he and Mrs. McKinley smiled broadly. Then Mrs. McKinley took out her watch, which contains a portrait of the president. She held it out and said calmly to the child:

"Leonaora, you cannot tell me of whom this is a picture."

Leonaora drew near and scanned the open watch. A bright look swept over her face.

"Oh, yes'm! I know who it is."

"Well, who is it, Leonaora?"

"It's Dewey."

This was altogether too much for the president. He went off into a fit of laughter, long and loud.—"The Congressman's Wife" in Saturday Evening Post.

His First Railway Ride.

An old man who has been a farmer for 57 years in Missouri says: "When I began farming, I plowed with a wooden plow, cut wheat and corn with a sickle and thrashed them out with the tramping process, cut the meadow with a scythe and used a wooden tooth harrow. Much of the wheat and corn I raised was eaten by deer, turkeys and prairie chickens. It was no uncommon sight to see as many as 20 deer in a herd. Just think of the jump from an ox team to a railroad! I remember my first trip on the cars. It was in 1876. I think. My wife and I drove from Harmony to Ashley to see some friends. When at Curryville, we concluded to take a trip up into Audrain county to Vandalia. Well, when the train started and we were moving over the prairie the experience was so pleasant and novel that I couldn't help thinking of the wonderful